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411 Vri-tsuh, a member of the family, was reckoned the crack shot in the whole district. So often did his bullets find their billet that the people said they could go around corners and that it was no use hiding from them. When Vri-tsuh pointed his gun at you you might just as well come and give 292 yourself up, for there was no escape. While we were at 714 Mao-an-tsz, one of Vri-tsuh's companions dressed up in full 574 war dress and made some sport for us. He is said to have killed twenty people, and, of course, had a great reputation as a warrior. He was indeed wonderfully dressed. He had on a thickly quilted scarlet jacket which stones and bullets fired from the old-fashioned guns were unable to pierce. In the back of this jacket was a rent made by a dart thrown at him in one of his fights. Across his shoulders he had a double sword-belt, ornamented with polished white stones. From this was hanging a long sword, with silver handle and with silver mountings on the sheath. It was estimated as worth a hundred ounces of silver. The scarlet coat was ornamented in the centre and at the edges. On his head the warrior wore a large conical hat in white and red. Around the hat was a yellow turban, and hanging down behind, a long yellow pugaree. There were thick flaps to cover the face if necessary. From the back of the hat there also hung down a long flap with red edges, and black and white cross-bars. From the shoulders there was suspended a huge yak tail, and by the side of this some slips of ornamented Chinese silk. The yak tail must have been several pounds in weight. It was very heavy. To complete the array the warrior was in bare feet, and had a modern rifle. He drew his sword and, rushing 702 all about, went through various exercises. He invited me to 574 throw stones at him, and I did so. Do what I could, I failed

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to hit him. Perhaps a very swift bowler could have got the middle stump, but lively, moving wickets might puzzle even the best of our professionals. The warrior was evidently very proud of his achievements, and he certainly was very agile indeed.

When we were all around the fire again, waiting for the evening meal, I heard some curious yarns. The Nosu say that all rivers flow into the sea, where there is a huge stone with an open mouth which swallows up all the flowing waters. Formerly there were sixty-six suns. A mythical hero, anxious to lessen the terrible heat from all these balls of fire, shot at them with his arrows, and so well did he shoot that he killed sixty of them. Five others fled and took refuge under the sea. The remaining one he shot, and blinded it in one eye. Does this refer to sun spots which may have been observed long ago? What the heat must have been in the beginning one cannot imagine. It is also said that there were seventy-seven moons and that someone shot seventy-six of them. The one left was shot lame in the leg. What that refers to I cannot imagine.

One of the men around the fire had been a great traveller, having visited West and South Yunnan, and what is now the French colony of Tongking. After telling us this he capped all by saying he had been to the "Woman's Kingdom," that mythical country the existence of which was stated in all the old Chinese encyclopædias. When I first came to China nearly all the people one met believed in this country of the ladies, and knew more about it than they knew about England or America. This truthful Nosu traveller said that he had spent some time as a guest of the Amazons, who were very unwilling to let him leave them. I wonder how often he had